

THE BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL OF TOC H IN LONDON

Programme

OF THE BIRTHDAY GUEST NIGHT
HELD IN THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL
ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6th, 1930.



FOR THE 15th FESTIVAL OF THE FOUNDING OF
TALBOT HOUSE, POPERINGHE, DECEMBER 11th, 1915.
PUBLISHED BY THE LONDON BIRTHDAY COMMITTEE
OF TOC H, AT 47, FRANCIS ST., WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.



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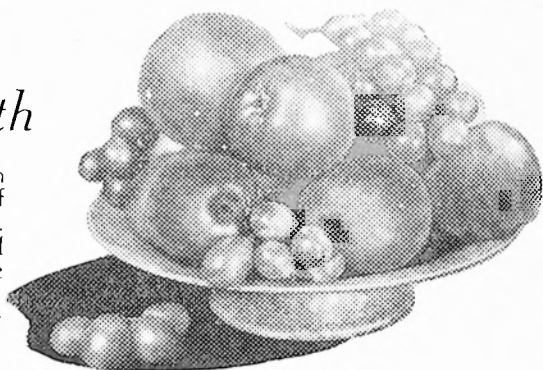
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WHEREAS from 1921 to 1929 Toc H has held Birthday Festivals each December in London (except in 1926 when the Festival was at Manchester), whither there have come members and friends from all parts of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and from many countries overseas—This Year the Festivals are being held at local centres, both abroad and at home, including Newcastle, Leeds, Liverpool, Nottingham, Birmingham, Bristol Plymouth, Southampton, Glasgow, Belfast and Cardiff.

THE MEMBERS OF TOC H IN LONDON
WARMLY WELCOME THEIR GUESTS TO
THE FIRST BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL HELD
IN LONDON FOR LONDON, CELEBRATING
THE FOUNDATION OF TALBOT HOUSE
IN POPERINGHE ON DECEMBER 11, 1915.

Last Night the London Members and some of their friends gathered in St. Paul's Cathedral for the Service of Thanksgiving and Rededication. To-night the last link in the World Chain of Light will be forged by the London Members assembled in the Royal Albert Hall.

During this period these words have been said in many places:

Now let the loving-cup of fire
Be lifted over land and sea.

Now may the faith of friends inspire
Our scattered souls with unity.

For other men's to-morrows, these

Broke from their dreams, made brief their day.

Heirs of their spirit will not please

Themselves, but school themselves, and say—

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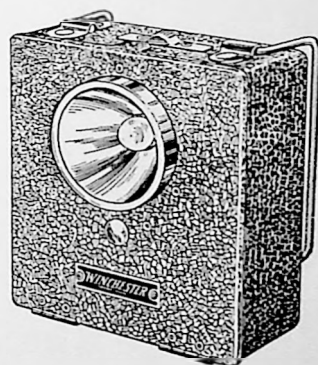
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A FEW FACTS FOR NEW FRIENDS OF TOC H.

ORIGIN: Talbot House in the War was "Everyman's Club," open to officers and men alike; it was opened in December, 1915, at Poperinghe, the nearest habitable town behind Ypres. Its founders were Padres Neville Talbot (now Bishop of Pretoria), H. R. Bates, and Philip Clayton ("Tubby," now Vicar of All Hallows', Barking-by-the-Tower, London).

NAME: It was named in memory of Neville's younger brother Gilbert, Lieut., Rifle Brigade, killed at Hooze on July 30th, 1915. The name "Toc H" is merely T.H. (Talbot House) pronounced according to the Army signaller's alphabet.

RE-BIRTH: Toc H was started again in London in 1919-1920, by "Tubby" and some survivors of the Ypres salient, on a very modest scale. Its first aim was to recapture the War's spirit of comradeship in common service and to pass it on to the younger generation. But as we have moved away from the days of the War, its margin has widened and deepened to include any who down the centuries challenge our recollection in lives surrendered at the shrine of witness and service. Toc H is not an ex-service men's society—it remembers the past but looks to the future. In 1921 the Cavendish Association, founded before the War to encourage social service among Public School men, was incorporated in Toc H. In 1922 the movement was granted a Royal Charter. Two years from the start the tiny experiment in London had been repeated throughout England; within five years it had gone right round the world. Yet the membership is still relatively small, for Toc H is not a "mass movement," but a personal "infection" spread by one man to another.

ORGANISATION: One keen man in a place collects others and forms a Group: the Group in course of time and after a real test of stability, unity and work, may be made a Branch, with wide powers of self-government. The Branches and Groups in London are linked together in local Districts for mutual co-operation, and the task of consolidating and extending throughout London is in the hands of the Area Executive, a body representative of all the Districts. In certain places a team of men lives together in a House (called a "Mark"), the visible embodiment of Talbot House, and the centre of effort in a wider area, the Hon. Warden of each being given the responsibility of selecting and fathering his team.

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OBJECTS: The idea underlying Toc H is as old as Eden—Fellowship and Service: Toc H desires to join the most lasting Fellowship and to engage in the Service most worth while. It draws its members from all ranks of society, from all Christian denominations, schools of thought and political parties. It is in no sense denominational, nor is it undenominational; it is inter-denominational and seeks to be the servant of all the Churches. It is a "power-house" for social service of every kind, directed in each place by a voluntary official called the Jobmaster. Toc H in no way competes with existing societies; it encourages and trains its members to help them.

WORK: The voluntary service of Toc H members throughout the world flows in two main streams—(a) "Stretcher-bearing" work for the sick, the disabled, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the lonely, the "down-and-out," the crippled or neglected child, the boy or man in prison or just out of it; (b) "Sheep-dog" work towards boys and younger men who need to be "rounded up" and led forward—in clubs, camps, classes, Scout Troops, Brigade Companies, etc.—in the spirit of fellowship and common service learnt in the War. Multifarious "jobs" of both classes are the happy spare-time employment of every Branch and Group.

LONDON HEADQUARTERS: 47, Francis Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

TOC H LEAGUE OF WOMEN HELPERS.

There is an auxiliary society for women sharing the same spirit, pledged to the same objects, and organised on very similar lines. The Patroness is H.R.H. the Duchess of York, the President is the Duchess of Devonshire, and the Vice-President is Lady Forster. Information can be obtained from the General Secretary, 112/113, Chandos House, Palmer Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

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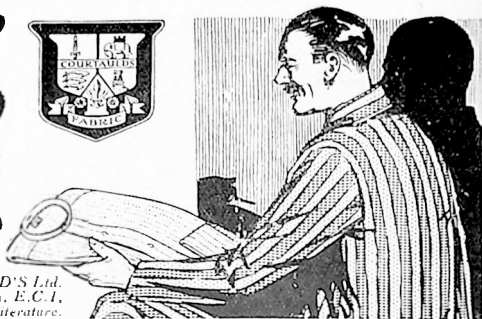
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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS WRITTEN:

"WE MUST ALL LEND A HAND IN HELPING TO BUILD TOC H, BECAUSE TOC H
ITSELF IS A POWER HOUSE FOR HELPING OTHERS."

HOW TO BECOME A LONDON TOC H BUILDER.

TOC H, from small beginnings, has become a national institution; indeed it is on its way to world-wide growth. It grows because men feel the need of what it is seeking to express. It is the most living memorial of the War, because its whole aim is to perpetuate not merely the names but the high-hearted spirit of our friends who did not return.

The members of Toc H are drawn from all classes, and therefore, on the average, they are not rich men; they are carefully tested, and therefore they are few in number compared with the influence of the movement and the tasks before it. They give what they have—cheerful voluntary work for the community without stint, and such money as they can. But it is beyond their unaided power to lay an adequate financial foundation on which the House of living, personal service—which is Toc H—can be built. Men and women, outside the membership of Toc H but believing in its cause, have stood loyally by it and sacrificed much for it; but a much larger body of subscribers is essential if the foundation is to be made secure.

We want whole-hearted subscribers not only to the funds but to the idea of Toc H. We appeal for co-partners, fellow-builders. Toc H members give their personal service; others, unable to undertake that obligation, are needed to give money which will make that service fruitful.

Therefore, in London, those men and women who are ready thus to enter into partnership are urged to enrol as "London Toc H Builders." They will be sharing in London's gifts to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Toc H Building Fund. They will be kept in touch with the movement as it goes forward; they will watch, with its members, the building rise; their hands will have helped to lay stone on stone. This is an enterprise worthy the heart and mind and hand of any who wishes to see those hopes of a new world fulfilled for which so many men gave their lives.

Toc H itself includes men of all classes, political opinions and Christian denominations. The rank of its "Builders" will be no less comprehensive; the extent of the help they can offer will be no less various. Those who wish to be enrolled as "London Toc H Builders" are asked to write to The London Treasurer, Toc H, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1., by whom further information and literature on Toc H will gladly be sent. Subscribers of £1 a year and over will receive the Toc H JOURNAL month by month.

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SOUTH WATLING DISTRICT:

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Harrow South.
Willesden.

WEST CENTRAL DISTRICT:

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MAPLE.
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University College and Hospital.

WEST MIDDLESEX DISTRICT:

Acton.
Denham.
EALING.
Southall.
UXBRIDGE.

WEST LONDON DISTRICT:

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CHELSEA.
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HAMMERSMITH.
MAIDA VALE.
South Kensington.

SOUTH-WEST LONDON DISTRICT:

MARK II.
BATTERSEA AND CLAPHAM.
Putney.
WANDSWORTH.
WIMBLEDON.

KINGSTON DISTRICT:

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Esher and The Dittons.
KINGSTON AND SURREYTON.
RICHMOND.
Twickenham.

BARNET DISTRICT:

BARNET.
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NORTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT:

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ENFIELD.
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Tottenham.
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Crouch End.
Highbury.
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Putney.

MARK XXII.
Denmark Hill.

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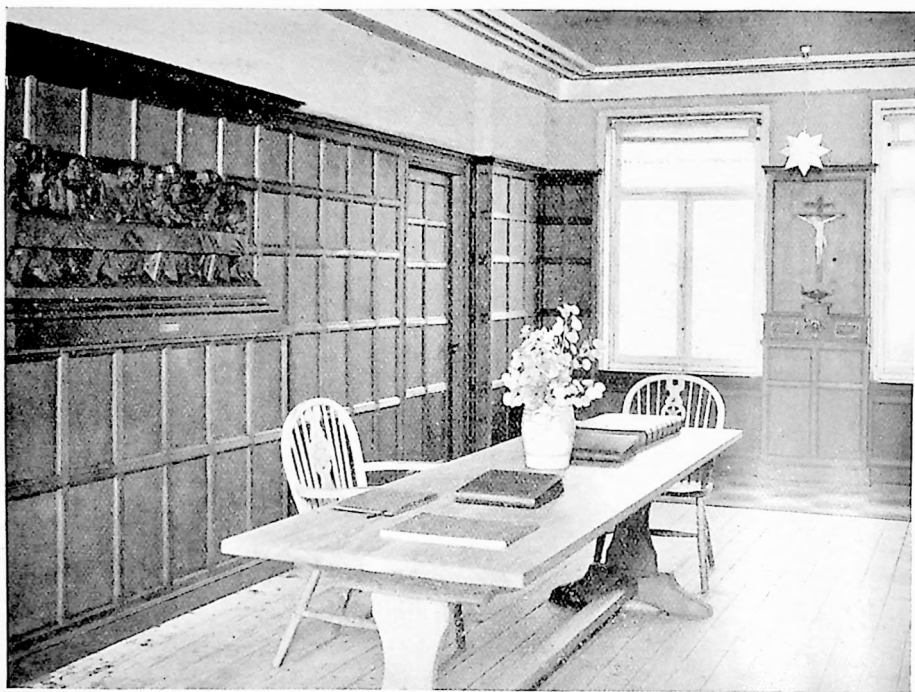
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GREENWICH.
LEWISHAM.
SIDCUP.
Sydenham.



The Upper Landing is in its spirit a half-way house between those joyous living-rooms below and the pleasant library which opens from it, and that Upper Room which is the central shrine of T o c H. Where a Carpenter's Bench stood as Altar for seven weeks of the House's life, now rests a T o c H Lamp of Maintenance dedicated to "the lives and examples of all the Elder Brethren." A carved figure of Our Lord from the Passion-play Village of Oberammergau and a fine unfinished carving of Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' returned after many vicissitudes of war and peace to its resting place of early days, bear out the simple dignity of this Ante-chapel for quiet thought and silent comradeship.



The Upper Room served during three years of constant war as a spiritual and certain haven of peace amid the death and desolation of the Ypres Salient. The Room to-day, alone among the rooms of Talbot House, stands as it then stood—a hop-loft sheltering once again that Carpenter's Bench at which thousands made their first and last Communion, the simple Font of war-time Baptisms, and many another homely thing consecrated to faith—all now forming a hallowed place of prayer and power for the right building of the future.

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT.

December 5-6, 1930.

LAST night there gathered in Poperinghe "Tubby" and a little group of men who knew the Old House during the years of war. At 9 p.m. they assembled in the Upper Room around the Lamp of Maintenance dedicated to the memory of "All the Elder Brethren," and engaged in the Ceremony of "Light."

The lighting of this Lamp forged the first link in the chain of maintenance which has within the past twenty-four hours linked up Toc H Branches and Groups throughout the world.

The Light kindled in the Upper Room travelled westward, was taken up by some Branches and Groups in the British Isles, crossed the Atlantic to Canada and the United States of America, where in Toronto and Winnipeg, Washington and Philadelphia and in many a lonely country town Toc H members were waiting for their clock to strike nine to gather around for the familiar ceremony, so peculiarly charged with memories on this occasion. And to the South the "Chain of Light" journeyed, members in the Argentine, Brazil and Chile taking their part.

Then westwards across the Pacific, linking up New Zealand and Australia, who first gave us the idea of this World Chain of Light, units in the Far and Middle East, and so to India, where it is to be hoped that the flame of fellowship whispered "Courage" to our fellow-members facing so hard a task. Africa, too, took her part; Africa, where Neville Talbot, known now to so many to whom a year ago he was but a name, carries on his work. Back finally to Europe to Berlin and Brussels, and so home to this hall where "The Prince's Lamp" will be used, by special permission of the Central Guard of the Lamp, to light the London Lamps. Lord Wakefield, the donor of Talbot House, Poperinghe, with Tubby's assistance will light the first Lamp before the Festival Ceremony of Light. Thus will be received back that "Flanders flame" which has encircled the world.



Toc H throughout the world owes a real debt of gratitude to members of Toc H, Australia, who first conceived the idea of this World Chain. It is so easy to talk of Toc H as a world-wide family; it is so difficult for those who never travel far from home to realise what that implies. This yearly act of remembrance and fellowship does help to placard before our eyes the many far-flung outposts in which our fellow Toc H members live and serve.

Someone has said that the most provincial-minded people are those who dwell in London—a generalisation, which like all generalisations is untrue. But we who dwell in this great city, who meet continually our fellow Toc H members in bus and tube, who suffer no greater inconvenience than a penny tram ride when we go to 'implode' on a neighbouring unit, need to be reminded in some dramatic form of the lonely and scattered places in which Toc H works.

We need to be reminded, too, of the way in which Toc H has spread, starting from the days of the "World Tour," which Tubby and Pat undertook in 1925, to the latest recognised Colonial Group at Antigua in the West Indies. We need to let our minds dwell upon such Groups or "Gropes" as those at Paris or Charleroi, which beget in us the hope that the 'nationals' of these countries will learn from the English Toc H members of their units how fine a thing the life of this our family is, and so be challenged to reproduce it in their own way for their own peoples.

Nor can it be other than moving to realise that the little groups of Germans in their own cities are joining with us in this visible and uniting act; in very truth do we see how Toc H is fulfilling two aims denoted in the play upon its name: "TO Conquer Hate" and "TO Create Harmony." And so 'spirit knit though world dispersed,' may we all feel anew how true it is to say that this great movement is a *family*, bound together by ties of remembrance and fellowship which can—and do—surmount all barriers, and banish bitterness, misunderstanding and strife.

SOME SONGS TO SING.

1. THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Toc H Song Book 5.

Old English Song.

SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules :
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these ;
But of all the world's brave heroes, There's none that can compare
With a tow row row row row row,
Of the British Grenadiers.

None of these ancient heroes e'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;
But our brave boys do know it, And banish all their fears,
Sing a tow row row row, etc.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand-grenades :
We throw them from the glacis About the enemies' ears,
With a tow row row row, etc.

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry " Hurrah, boys ! here comes a Grenadier !"
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears,
Sing a tow row row row, etc.

Then give three hearty cheers, boys, and sing a song to those
Who carry caps and pouches and wear the loupéd clothes !
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row, etc.

2. D'YE KEN TOC H ?

S. Donald Cox.

Tune : " John Peel."

D'YE ken Toc H, with its blokes so gay,
Be they dark or fair, or bald or grey ?
They are all of them young at the close of the day,
When they meet in Toc H in the evening.

Chorus :

For the joy of the show is a rousing thing,
And the noise that we raise when we join and sing,
Is a sound that will make every rafter ring,
When we meet in Toc H in the evening.

Yes, we ken Toc H with its human zoo,
A real assorted and well-mixed crew :
If you've been in the workhouse or in " Who's Who,"
You can meet in Toc H in the evening.

They have one thing in common, this varied throng,
An ideal that they hold as they journey along—
From a talk to a job, from a job to a song
From a song to a prayer in the evening.

3.

THE FIRST NOWELL.

Toc H Song Book 95.

Traditional.

THE first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Chorus:

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

This star drew nigh to the North-West,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those wise-men three,
Full rev'rently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

4.

RISE UP: TOC H.

S. Donald Cox.

Tune: "The Minstrel Boy."

RISE up, Toc H, there is work to do:
A challenge loud is sounding.
A sacred trust is imposed on you:
Rise up in faith abounding.

Tasks by those who died begun
By death were left unfinished.
'Tis yours to see their work is done
Completed, undiminished.

Then fare you forth where sorrows lurk,
A joyful band of brothers.
In love and fellowship to work,
In service joined, for others.

"To conquer hate, to work, to pray,"
The clarion bold is sounded,
That on the stones which you shall lay,
The New Jerusalem be founded.

5.

ALL THRO' THE NIGHT.

Toc H Song Book 13.

Welsh Air.

SILVER stars their light bestowing
All thro' the night,
They the path to heav'n are showing
All thro' the night,
As they tread their path of duty,
Show they to the world the beauty
Of the peace of heav'n so truly
All thro' the night.

Like a smile does each star glisten
All thro' the night,
To illumine her earthly sister
All thro' the night,
Old age has its night of sickness,
But to beautify our weakness,
Shed your light abroad in meekness
All thro' the night.

6.

MARCHING THRO' GEORGIA.

*Toe H Song Book 7.**Henry C. Work.*

BRING the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Chorus :

Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll bring the Jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes us free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound,
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found,
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years,
Hardly could they be restrain'd from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee lads will never reach the coast,"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main,
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching thro' Georgia.

7.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS.

IN Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheel'd her wheel-barrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and Mussels! alive, alive oh!

Chorus :

Alive, alive oh! Alive, alive oh!
Crying, Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh!

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before:
And they each wheel'd their barrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and Mussels! alive, alive oh!

She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
Her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and Mussels! alive, alive oh!

THE BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL GUEST-NIGHT OF TOC H IN LONDON.

PROGRAMME

Part I - Music and Song

SELECTIONS BY THE BAND OF HIS MAJESTY'S WELSH GUARDS

*By permission of Colonel R. E. K. Leatham, D.S.O.
Director of Music: Captain Andrew Harris, L.R.A.M., p.s.m.*

CLIVE CAREY will ask everyone to exercise their voices in some of the Songs
printed on pages 13-15.

The body of men, which enters during this part of the programme, has just returned from the Pilgrimage to Talbot House, Poperinghe, which they used in 1915-18, and where in the Upper Room at 9 p.m. last night (Friday, December 5th, 1930) the Founder-Padre lit the first Lamp of Maintenance in the World Chain of Light.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

(Words on page 18).



Part II - Speeches

Guest-Night Leader - HARRY U. WILLINK, M.C.
(Chairman of the London Area Executive of Toc H.)

Speaker - Professor ALBERT A. COCK
*(Professor of Education, University College, Southampton;
Hon. District Pilot, Southampton District of Toc H.)*



JOHN GOSS .

will sing

"An Eriskay Love Lilt"	...	Hebridean Folk Song
		<i>Arranged by M. Kennedy Fraser</i>
"The Coasts of High Barbary"	...	English Folk Song
		<i>Arranged by Cecil Sharp</i>

(Words on page 18).



Members of the audience are requested not to smoke in the Hall except before 8 o'clock and during the interval, as smoking seriously affects visibility, the task of the speakers and singers and the comfort of other members of the audience.

THE BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL CUEST-NIGHT OF TOC H IN LONDON.

Part III - The Ceremony of Light

Being the final link in the Toc H World Chain of Light, December 5-6, 1930.

THE ENTRY OF LAMPS, RUSHLIGHTS AND BANNERS OF BRANCHES AND GROUPS OF TOC H IN LONDON

During which will be sung the Songs on Page 19.

*Some Messages will be read by PADRE HARRY ELLISON
(Hon. Chief Overseas Commissioner of Toc H) before*

THE FOUNDER-PADRE

*gives a message to a world-wide audience at the conclusion of
The World Chain of Light.*

*Immediately after which will be sung the opening bars
of "The Creation" by Haydn (see page 20).*

THE FESTIVAL CEREMONY OF LIGHT

(see page 21).



INTERVAL OF FIFTEEN MINUTES

Part IV

Interlude ... The Band of H.M. Welsh Guards

Miss DOROTHY SILK

will sing

"Fair House of Joy" ... *Roger Quilter.*

"Pretty Ring Time" ... *Peter Warlock.*

(Words on page 22).

After some more Messages, PADRE PAT LEONARD, Administrative Padre.

With the support of all present JOHN GOSS and CLIVE CAREY will sing
the Sea Shanties: "Fire Down Below," "Shenandoah," "A-roving" (p.p. 23-24.)

Home-Going Talk by "TUBBY."

Miss DOROTHY SILK will sing Purcell's "Evening Hymn." *Page 24.*

Family Prayers ... PADRE OWEN S. WATKINS
Hon. Joint Administrative Padre.

The Blessing ... THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON

"Jerusalem" (see page 24).



*Grateful acknowledgments are due to Miss Dorothy Silk, Miss Geraldine Fisher and Mr. John Goss for singing; to the accompanists, Miss Kathleen Markwell and Mr. Harold Boxden; to Mr. Arnold Grew for presiding at the organ; to Clive Carey for arranging the musical programme and for singing; to the Director of Music and the Band of the Welsh Guards; and to many other friends who have assisted
"behind the scenes."*

GOD SAVE THE KING.

James Elroy Flecker.

GOD save our gracious King,
Nation and State and King,
God save the King !
Grant him the Peace divine,
But if his wars be Thine
Flash on our fighting line
Victory's Wing !

Mountains that break the night
Holds He by eagle right
Stretching far Wing !
Dawn lands for youth to reap,
Dim lands where Empires sleep,
His ! And the Lion Deep
Roars for the King.

THE SONGS OF JOHN GOSS.

Hebridean Folk Song.

Arr. by Margaret Kennedy Fraser.

AN ERISKAY LOVE LILT.

V^AIR me oro van o
Vair me oro van ee
Vair me oru o ho,
Sad am I without thee.

When I'm lonely, dear white heart,
Black the night or wild the sea,
By love's light the foot finds
The old pathway to thee.

Thou'rt the music of my heart,
Harp of joy, oh cruit mo chridh,*
Moon of guidance by night,
Strength and light thou'rt to me.

*Harp of my Heart.

THE COASTS OF HIGH BARBARY.

English Folk Song.

Arr. by Cecil Sharp.

L^OOK ahead, look astarn, look the weather and the lee.
Blow high ! blow low ! and so sailed we.

I see a wreck to windward and a lofty ship to lee,
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

O are you a pirate or man-o'-war, cried we.
O no, I'm not a pirate but a man-o'-war, cried he.

Then back up your topsails and heave your vessel to,
For we have got some letters to be carried home by you.

We'll back up our topsails and heave our vessel to ;
But only in some harbour and along the side of you.

For broadside, for broadside, they fought all on the main,
Until at last the frigate shot the pirate's mast away.

For quarters, for quarters ! the saucy pirate cried.
The quarters that we showed them was to sink them in the tide.

THE ENTRY OF THE LAMPS, RUSHLIGHTS AND BANNERS.

The Roll of the London Lamps of Maintenance will be found on pages 25-32.

During the Procession the audience will join in singing :

B. S. Ingemann.

Translated by S. Baring Gould.

"Ainice Hominum."

A. T. Blanchet.

THRO' the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread.

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun.

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

THE INHERITANCE.

Cyril Alington.

Londonderry Air.

THEY trusted God—unslumbering and unsleeping
He sees and sorrows for a world at war,
His ancient covenant securely keeping ;
And these had seen His promise from afar,
That through the pain, the sorrow and the sinning,
That righteous Judge the issue should decide,
Who ruleth over all from the beginning—
And in that faith, and in that faith they died.

They trusted England—scarce the prayer was spoken
Ere they beheld what they had hungered for,
A mighty country with its ranks unbroken,
A city built in unity once more ;
Freedom's best champion, girt for yet another
And mightier enterprise for right defied,
A land whose children live to serve their Mother—
And in that faith, and in that faith they died.

And us they trusted : we the task inherit,
Th' unfinished task for which their lives were spent ;
But leaving us a portion of their spirit,
They gave their witness and they died content.
Full well they knew they could not build without us
That better country, faint and far descried,
God's own true England : but they did not doubt us—
And in that faith, and in that faith they died.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP
WE REMEMBER

the sacrifice of our Elder Brethren :

Holy is the true Light, and passing wonderful, lending radiance to them that endured in the heat of the conflict : from Christ they inherit a home of un fading splendour, wherein they rejoice with gladness evermore. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

(From an old liturgy)

And, maintaining their eager spirit,
WE DEDICATE OURSELVES
to service :

Hear us, O never-failing Light, Lord our God, the Fountain of light, the Light of Thine Angels, Principalities, Powers, and of all intelligent creatures: Who hast created the light of Thy Saints. May our souls be lamps of Thine, kindled and illumined by Thee. May they shine and burn with the Truth, and never go out in darkness and ashes. May the gloom of sins be cleared away, and the light of perpetual faith abide within us. Amen.

(Mozarabic, before A.D. 700)

At the conclusion of the Founder-Padre's message, the following will be sung, the audience joining only in the final word "LIGHT."

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

Sung by Dorothy Silk, Geraldine Fisher, Clive Carey and John Goss.

From the oratorio "THE CREATION" by J. Haydn (1797-8).

*Bass
Recitative :*

IN the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth ; and the earth was without form and void ; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.

Chorus :

And the Spirit of God mov'd upon the face of the waters ; and God said : Let there be light, and there was

LIGHT.

THE FESTIVAL CEREMONY OF LIGHT.

Lord Wakefield of Hythe will light the first Lamps of Maintenance from the Prince of Wales' Lamp, whilst, immediately before the Ceremony of Light, the audience will join in singing "The Hymn of Light."

HAIL, joyful Light ! O worship and praise
Father and Son and Spirit Divine :
First and the Last, the Ancient of Days,
Power and Dominion ever be thine.

Light of all light, Thou measureless Love,
Guide Thou our feet and lighten our way.
Now by Thy rising lead us above :
Thine is salvation, Thou art the Day.

The Ceremony of Light

(This simple ritual is observed at all meetings of Toc H. During the twenty-four hours from nine o'clock on Friday evening, December 5, when the first Lamp of Maintenance in the World Chain of Light was lighted in the Upper Room of Talbot House, Poperinghe, the Ceremony of Light has been observed in all parts of the World. This final ceremony in the World Chain will be conducted by the Founder Padre of Toc H. All members of the audience are asked to join in the responses.)

THE ACT OF REMEMBRANCE.

FOUNDER PADRE : With proud thanksgiving let us remember our Elder Brethren.
They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old :
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning
We will remember them.

ALL : *We will remember them.*



ONE MINUTE'S SILENCE.



THE ACT OF SELF-DEDICATION.

FOUNDER PADRE : Let your light so shine before men
that they may see your good works—

ALL : *And glorify our Father which is in heaven.*



ALL : High over all, Love sceptred and crowned,
King everlasting, Light of the Light,
When we behold Thee let us be found
Worthy to shine as stars in Thy sight.

After this, and before the interval, all will sing "The Battle Hymn" (see next page)

THE BATTLE HYMN.

Toe H Song Book iv.

To the tune of "John Brown's Body."

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His terrible swift sword ;
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, Alleluia ! glory, glory, Alleluia !
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded Him an Altar in the evening dews and damps,
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps ;
His day is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat ;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him : be jubilant, my feet ;
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Beecher.

THE SONGS OF MISS DOROTHY SILK.

FAIR HOUSE OF JOY.

Roger Quilter.

FAIN would I change that note
To which fond love hath charmed me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harmed me.
Yet when this thought doth come,
"Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight."
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy ripe fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is
I do adore thee.
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

PRETTY RING TIME.

Shakespeare.

IT was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho and a hey noni-no
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the springtime, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing Hey ding a-ding ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye
With a hey and a ho and a hey noni-no
These pretty country folk would lie
In the springtime, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing Hey ding a-ding ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Peter Warlock.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey and a ho and a hey noni-no
How that a life was but a flow'r
In the springtime, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing Hey ding a-ding ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey and a ho and a hey noni-no
For love is crowned with the prime
In the springtime, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing Hey ding a-ding ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

SEA SHANTIES.

Sung by JOHN GOSS and CLIVE CAREY
with the support of all present.

FIRE DOWN BELOW.

FIRE in the galley, fire down below;
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls, there's fire down below.

Chorus : Fire, fire, fire down below,
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls, there's fire down below.

Fire in the fore-peak, fire down below;
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls, there's fire down below.

Chorus : Fire, fire, fire down below, etc.

Fire in the windlass, fire in the chain;
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls, and put it out again.

Chorus : Fire, fire, fire down below, etc.

Fire up aloft, and fire down below;
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls, there's fire down below.

Chorus : Fire, fire, fire down below, etc.

SHENANDOAH.

Toc H Song Book xiii.

Arr. by R. R. Terry.

Solo : **O**H Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

Chorus : Away you rolling river.

Solo : Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

Chorus : Away, I'm bound to go,
Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter.

'Tis seven long years since last I see thee,
'Tis seven long years since last I see thee.

Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion
To sail across the stormy ocean.

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you.
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

A - ROVING.

IN Plymouth town there lived a maid ; O, didn't I tell her stories too ?
 Bless you, young women; *Bless you, young women;*
 In Plymouth town there lived a maid ; O, didn't I tell her stories too ?
 O, mind what I do say; *O, mind what I do say;*
 In Plymouth town there lived a maid,
 And she was mistress of her trade ;
 I'll go no more a-roving
 With you, fair maid. O, didn't I tell her stories too ?
 Of the gold we found in Timbuctoo ;
 I'll go no more a-roving
 With you, fair maid. With you, fair maid.

Chorus :

*A-roving, a-roving,
 Since roving's been my ru-t-in,
 I'll go no more a-roving
 With you, fair maid.*

A-roving, a-roving, etc.

I took this fair maid for a walk,
 Bless you, young women;
 I took this fair maid for a walk,
 O, mind what I do say;
 I took this fair maid for a walk,
 And we had such a loving talk ;
 I'll go no more a-roving
 With you, fair maid.

A-roving, a-roving, etc.

But when we'd spent my blooming screw,
 Bless you, young women;
 But when we'd spent my blooming screw,
 O, mind what I do say;
 But when we'd spent my blooming screw,
 She cut her stick and vanished too ;
 I'll go no more a-roving
 With you, fair maid.

A-roving, a-roving, etc.

THE EVENING HYMN.

*Words by Dr. William Fuller,
 Bishop of Lincoln.*

*Music by Purcell.
 (1658-95).*

NOW that the sun hath veiled his light
 And bid the world good-night,
 To the soft bed my body I dispose,
 But where shall my soul repose ?
 Dear God, even in Thine arms : and can there be
 So sweet security !
 Then, to thy rest, O my soul, and, singing, praise
 The mercy that prolongs thy days.
 Alleluia !

JERUSALEM.

Words by William Blake.

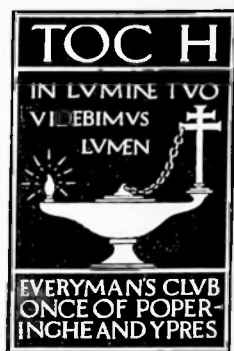
Music by Hubert Parry.

AND did those feet in ancient time
 Walk upon England's mountain green ?
 And was the Holy Lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pastures seen ?
 And did the countenance Divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among those dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold ;
 Bring me my arrows of desire ;
 Bring me my spear ; O clouds, unfold !
 Bring me my chariot of fire.
 I will not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 In England's green and pleasant land.

THE ROLL OF THE LAMPS OF MAINTENANCE

HELD BY TOC H BRANCHES IN LONDON

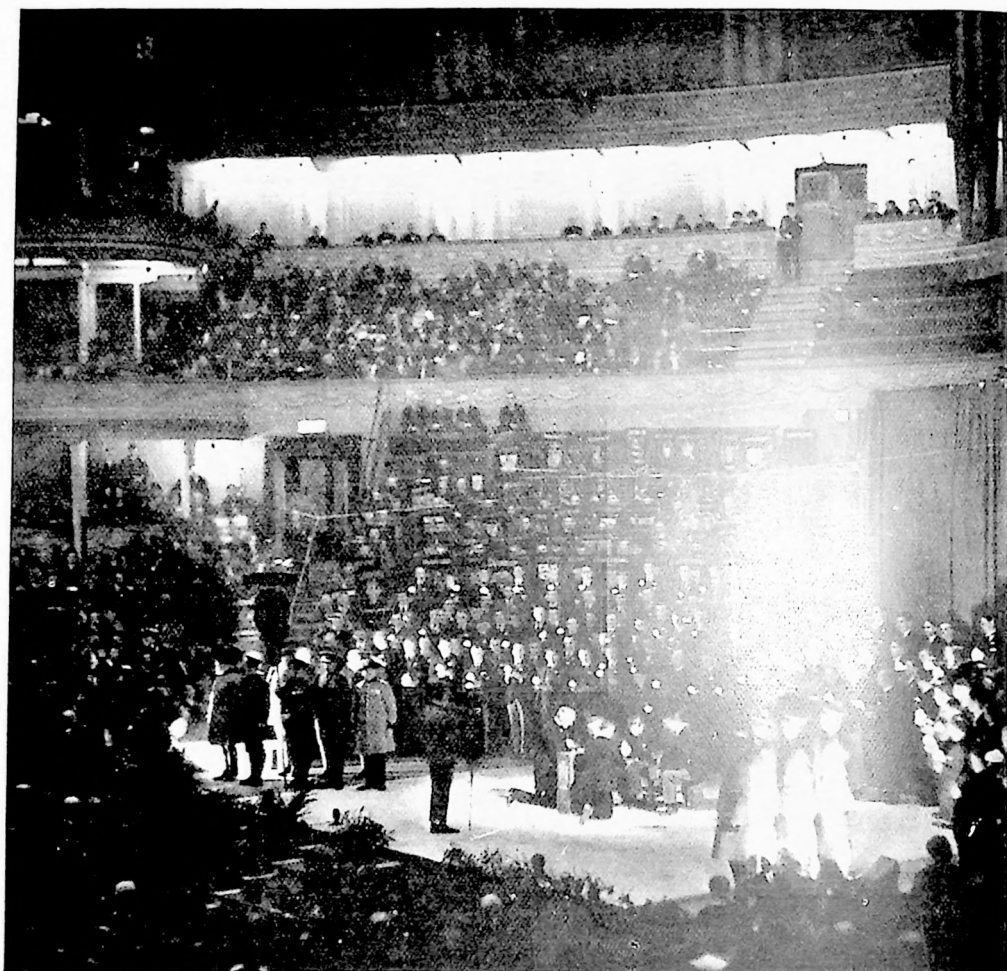


THE BRONZE LAMP OF MAINTENANCE is the symbol of a Branch of Toc H, bestowed when a Group (the probationary stage in the Toc H "family") proves itself worthy of promotion to Branch status. Its shape is modelled on that of lamps in common household use in the first centuries of the Christian era, except that for the Sacred Monogram XP (*Christos*), often found upon their handles, the Double Cross, a part of the arms of the City of Ypres, is substituted.

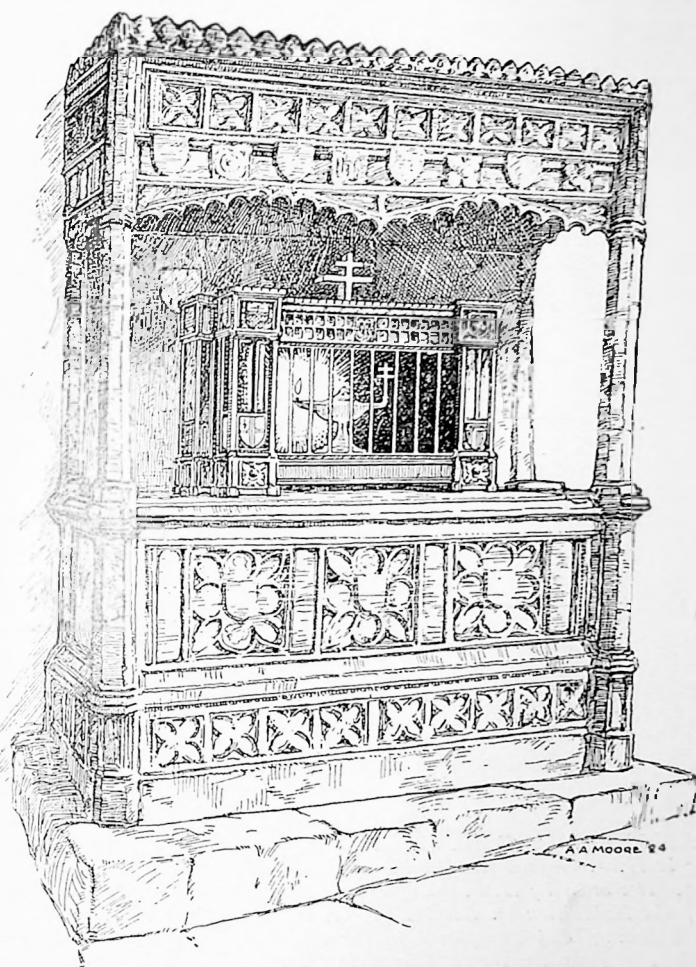
Two of the special LAMPS, finished in oxydised silver, precede the Lamps of London Branches in the Roll.

THE RUSHLIGHT, a replica in bronze of an old English rushlight-holder, is the Symbol of a Group of Toc H, and is surrendered in exchange for a Lamp when the Group is promoted to be a Branch.

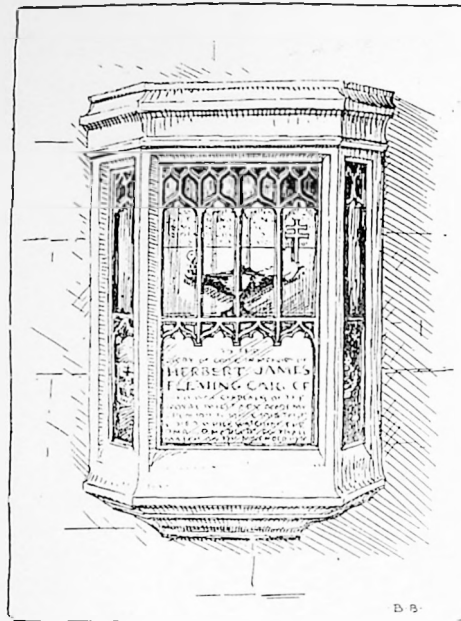
Both are lit at meetings of the Branch or Group for the Ceremony of Light and are used for the Initiation of Members. All matters connected with Lamps and Rushlights are regulated by a committee of three, the "Guard of the Lamp."



The Lighting of new Lamps of Maintenance by H.R.H. the Patron at the Birthday Festival of 1925. The supreme moment (shown in this picture) of the Lamplighting was when Lord Forster, Governor-General of Australia, knelt before the Prince of Wales to have his Lamp lit in memory of his own two sons killed in action. This, the "Parent Lamp" of T. O. H. Australia, now burns perpetually in Newcastle Cathedral, New South Wales. In 1925 the Rushlight was first given to Groups as their symbol, and some of these, together with Lamps of old Branches from all parts, are seen, already lit, at the back of the platform. On the tiers which rise behind them the Banners of Branches and Groups are posted.



THE PRINCE'S LAMP: IN MEMORY OF HIS FRIENDS. Presented to Toc H by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and first lit by him in the Guildhall, London, on December 15, 1922. It stands, perpetually burning, on the tomb of Sir John Croke, one of the first Wardens of the Guild of St. Mary (founded 1465), in the Church of All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, in the City of London. It is now enshrined in the bronze-gilt and enamelled casket, decorated with the insignia of Toc H Branches and Houses, which was unveiled by the Prince of Wales on December 15, 1923. All Lamps of new Branches (except in Australia) are lit from it by the Patron. By special permission of the Guard of the Lamp, the London Lamps and Rushlights will be lit tonight from the Prince's Lamp for the final ceremony in the World Chain of Light.



THE HERBERT FLEMING LAMP. *This Lamp stood before the Empire Roll of Honour in H.M. Government Pavilion at the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley, in 1925. It was lit by H.M. the Queen on May 14 and remained burning until the close of the Exhibition on October 31. It was then given in memory of HERBERT JAMES FLEMING, and was placed in the Chapel of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, on June 19, 1927. The shrine bears the following inscriptions: TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN MEMORY OF HERBERT JAMES FLEMING, C.M.G., C.F., who was CHAPLAIN OF THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY FROM 1911-1914 AND 1918-1922, AND DIED WHILE WATCHING THE R.M.A. v. R.M.C. RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH ON THE 17TH NOVEMBER, 1926; THIS LAMP OF MAINTENANCE WAS PRESENTED TO THE ROYAL ARMY CHAPLAINS DEPARTMENT BY TOC H IN PROUD THANKSGIVING FOR THE LIFE AND EXAMPLE OF HERBERT FLEMING, HONORARY ADMINISTRATIVE PADRE, 1923-1926. IT WAS LIT IN HIS MEMORY AT THE 11TH BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL OF TOC H AT MANCHESTER BY H.R.H. EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, ON 11TH DECEMBER, 1926, AND DEDICATED IN THIS CHAPEL BY THE CHAPLAIN-GENERAL TO THE FORCES—*

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE BEFORE MEN."

THE LAMPS OF LONDON T.O.C. H. BRANCHES.

These Lamps are of bronze, finished with a bronze-green patina, and are contained in oak caskets, to which are affixed bronze plates engraved with memorial inscriptions. (In the Roll the date of the foundation of the Branch follows its name in brackets. Memorial inscriptions are shown as engraved on the caskets.)

These Lamps were first lit by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Patron of T.O.C. H.

MCMXXII.

MARK I (February, 1920).—The LINZIE LAMP: in memory of M. L. ATKINSON, 2nd Lt., Tank Corps. Cambrai. 20.11.1917.

(Given by his Mother.)

BARNET (July, 1920).—In memory of CLIVE GARTON, 2nd Lt., Rifle Brigade. Killed 2.9.1918; also of HERBERT WESTLAKE GARTON, Capt., Rifle Brigade. Killed 15.9.1916.

(Given by their Mother.)

MARK II (October, 1920).—HENRY'S LAMP: In memory of HENRY COOKE, Rfm., 1st L.R.B. Fortuin. 2.5.1915.

(Given by his Mother.)

MARK III (January, 1921).—The "PUNCH" LAMP: In memory of F. H. TOWNSEND. 11.2.1920.

(Given by Sir Owen Seaman.)

MARK VII (December, 1922).—FRANK'S LAMP: In memory of F. M. CHANCE, 2nd Lt., 24th Batt. London Regt. Givenchy. 25.5.1915.

(Given by his Father.)

MCMXXIII.

ILFORD (November 6, 1923).—The GERARD EYRE LAMP: In memory of G. E., who gave his gas-mask to his mortally-wounded Major. Gassed April, 1918. Died 4.5.1921.

(Given by Capt. A. G. Bates.)

KENNINGTON ("The Brothers' House") (November 6, 1923).—In memory of RICHARD NICHOLAS DILBEROGLUE, Lt., 1st Batt. Coldstream Guards. France. 15.9.1916: And of his brother AUGUSTUS DILBEROGLUE, 2nd Lt., 3rd King's Own Hussars. France. 1.4.1918.

(Given by their Mother.)

MCMXXIV.

LEWISHAM (July 28, 1924).—Presented by the BATH CLUB OF LONDON: In memory of its Members who fell in the Great War.

CROYDON (November 3, 1924).—The BROWN LAMP: In memory of JOHN GORDON BROWN, M.C., Capt., D.T.M.O. 47th Division. Near Radinghem. 5.10.1918.

(Given by his Father.)

MAIDA VALE (November 3, 1924).—PHIL'S LAMP: In memory of PHILIP GRANVILLE HARRIES PORTER, Lt., R.A. Born 7.2.1900. Died in India 9.1.1924.

(Given by his Brother.)

SIDCUP (November 3, 1924).—RICHARD'S LAMP: In memory of RICHARD LIONEL FORD. Born 30.8.1908. Died at Harrow, 29.8.1924.

(Given by his Father.)

WIMBLEDON (November 3, 1924).—The CYRIL BARTLETT LAMP: In memory of CYRIL WARD BARTLETT, M.C., Capt., Sherwood Foresters. France. 9.10.1918.

(Given by his Brother.)

WOOLWICH (November 3, 1924).—In memoriam GEORGE WATSON, Rfm., 20th Batt. K.R.R. Guillemont. 16.8.1916: The old Mission Housekeeper, St. Saviour's Mission, Bell Watergate, Woolwich.

(Given by E. G. Dixon.)

MCMXXV.

CHELSEA (November 2, 1925).—The VINCENT SLADEN WING LAMP: In memory of VINCENT SLADEN WING, 2nd Lt., 65th Howitzer Battery, R.F.A. Croix Barbe. 10.8.1917.
(Given by his Father and Mother.)

EALING (November 2, 1925).—The OWEN DAVIES LAMP: In memory of OWEN GRIFFITH DAVIES, 2nd Lt., Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. France. 15.11.1916.
(Given by his Father.)

HAMMERSMITH (November 2, 1925).—The ANDERSON AND BURY LAMP: In memory of G. R. L. ANDERSON, Cheshire Regt.; and of HAROLD BURY, Grenadier Guards. France. 1914.
(Given by E. de Stein.)

HAROLD WOOD (November 2, 1925).—Dedicated to the memory of our ELDER BRETHREN who made the supreme sacrifice in the Great War. 1914-1918.
(Given by Harold Wood Branch of L.W.H.)

ISLINGTON (November 2, 1925).—The TORCH LAMP: In memory of the ELDER BRETHREN OF ISLINGTON.
(Given by Islington Branch.)

KINGSTON AND SURBITON (November 2, 1925).—The FRANK MURPHY LAMP: In memory of FRANK MURPHY, Cpl., 1st Batt. London Regt. St. Eloi. 5.11.1915.
(Given by Mrs. Murphy.)

NORWOOD (November 2, 1925).—The HUGH LEAN LAMP: In memory of HUGH HENRY LEAN, M.C., Capt., H.L.I. St. Julien. 29.7.1917.
(Given by Lt.-Col. I. M. Campbell.)

STREATHAM (November 2, 1925).—The HYDE LAMP: In memory of HAROLD EDWARD HYDE, L/Cpl., 1st/4th London Regt. 9.9.1916.
(Given by C. T. Baker.)

WEST HAM (November 2, 1925).—The BAXTER LAMP: In memory of ROBERT WILLIAM BAXTER, Rfm., 12th London Regt. ("The Rangers"). 15.5.1917.
(Given by Branch Members and friends.)

MCMXXVI.

BATTERSEA AND CLAPHAM (November 1, 1926).—To the immortal memory of the ELDER BRETHREN of the 74th London Company, The Boys' Brigade. 1914-1920: Presented by past and present members of the Company.

WOOD GREEN (November 1, 1926).—In memory of DOUGLAS FREDERICK OGBORN, medical student, who passed over, Summer, 1926: He gave his life to save his friend's mother from drowning at St. Ives, Huntingdon.
(Given by his Friends.)

HAMPSTEAD (November 15, 1926).—In memory of LANCELOT KENNEDY, Post Office Rifles. Somme. 15.9.1916: Also of his mother, ANNA FRANCES ISABELLA KENNEDY. Died 20.12.1925.
(Given by his Friends.)

MCMXXVII.

RICHMOND (November 2, 1927).—The "STAR AND GARTER" LAMP: Given by Annie, Viscountess Cowdray.

SOUTHEND (November 2, 1927).—OSWALD'S LAMP: In memory of OSWALD TILLEY, London Rifle Brigade. Died of wounds 30.4.1915. Age 19.
(Given by his Father and Mother.)

ENFIELD (November 2, 1927).—The ENFIELD LAMP: In memory of the ELDER BRETHREN of Enfield.
(Given by two Branch Members.)

MCMXXVIII.

HIGHGATE (December 3, 1928).—EVERYMAN'S LAMP: In memory of the ELDER BRETHREN of Highgate. "We will remember them."
(Given by Branch Members.)

MCMXXIX.

DULWICH (February 6, 1929).—The JIM KELSON LAMP: In memory of GEORGE JAMES KELSON, Rfm., L.R.B. Les Boeufs. 9.10.1916.

(Given by Mr. & Mrs. A. Jackson.)

EDMONTON (February 6, 1929).—The EDMONTON LAMP: In memory of GERALD BEER, 2nd Lt., 4th. Batt., The Buffs (East Kent Regt.). Missing, Cambrai, 30.11.1917; of ARCHIE JAMES SANDERSON, Capt., The King's Own Scottish Borderers. Gallipoli, 24.4.1915; and of an ELDER BROTHER.

(Given by their Relatives.)

UXBRIDGE (February 6, 1929).—DICK'S LAMP: In memory of RICHARD HAROLD JOHN ARCHBOLD. Died 26.4.1928.

(Given by his Mother.)

WALTHAMSTOW (February 6, 1929).—The WALTHAMSTOW LAMP: In memory of the WALTHAMSTOW ELDER BROTHERS. 1914-1918.

(Given by Mrs. A. F. Gregory.)

BELLINGHAM (March 6, 1929).—The GUS HARRIS LAMP: In memory of A. J. HARRIS, Lt., 14th Australian Imperial Force. Bapaume. 12.4.1917.

(Given by Miss F. J. Cuthbert.)

FULHAM (March 6, 1929). The VAN DEN BERGH LAMP: In memory of SEYMOUR JAMES VAN DEN BERGH, Capt., Middlesex Yeomanry. Beersheba. 27.10.1917; and of JAMES HENRY VAN DEN BERGH, Lt., 6th London Brigade, R.F.A. (T.F.) Vimy Ridge. 21.5.1916.

(Given by their Father.)

TWICKENHAM (March 6, 1929).—The CAPTAIN SCALES LAMP: In memory of EDWIN LIONEL SCALES. 11.11.1918; and of the Officers and Men of the Middlesex Regt., who made the great sacrifice.

(Given by his Widow.)

BARKING (July 3, 1929).—The STUDDERT KENNEDY LAMP: In memory of G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY. Passed over, 8.3.1929.

(Given by the Branch.)

WANDSWORTH (July 3, 1929).—The ALBERT ALEXANDER MOORE LAMP: In memory of A. A. MOORE, Pte., Canadian Mounted Rifles. Hooge. 2.6.1916.

(Given by his Family.)

MAPLE (November 6, 1929).—The REMEMBRANCE LAMP: In memory of all colleagues of the House of Maple who made the Supreme Sacrifice. 1914-1918.

(Given by the Branch.)

POPLAR (November 6, 1929).—The ANDERSON LAMP: In memory of CHARLES FREDERICK ANDERSON, late L/Cpl., Tank Corps. 17.6.1928.

(Given by his Family.)

STEPNEY (November 6, 1929).—ROLAND'S LAMP: In memory of ROLAND PHILLIPS, M.C., Boy Scout, Capt., Royal Fusiliers. Ovillers. 7.7.1916.

(Given by Oxford Toc H Rovers.)

GREENWICH (November 6, 1929).—The HOOPER TRUSCOTT WILLIAMS LAMP: In memory of FRANCIS GEORGE TRUSCOTT, Lt., 6th Suffolks and R.A.F. France. 6.4.1917; and of COLIN HOLT HOOPER, Lt., 20th London Regt. Loos. 18.9.1915; and of HAROLD EDWARD WILLIAMS, Pte., 1/15th London Regt. France. 23.3.1918.

(Given by their Relatives.)

MCMXXX.

The following Groups have been promoted to Branch status during the year. Their Lamps will be first lit by H.R.H. the Patron, on June 6th, 1931.

LEYTONSTONE (May 19, 1930).—The BLACKALL LAMP: In memory of REGINALD GRIFFITH BLACKALL, who gave his life for his friends: He died 29.11.1925, aged 44, a victim of X-ray research.

(Given by Dr. C. Lockyer.)

FINCHLEY (November 5, 1930).—(Lamp not yet dedicated).

GOLDERS GREEN (November 5, 1930).—The DICK PEARSON LAMP: In memory of RICHARD SOMERVILLE PEARSON, Foundation Secretary, Golders Green Branch. 22.5.1930.
(Given by his Parents.)

MUSWELL HILL (November 5, 1930).—(Lamp not yet dedicated).

RAYLEIGH (November 5, 1930).—(Lamp not yet dedicated).



Lamps Not at Present Held by Branches.

These Lamps will be bestowed, with the consent of their donors, on new Branches.

The RUSH LIGHT: In memory of CECIL GEORGE RUSHTON, Capt., 214 Squadron, R.A.F., Bruges. May, 1918.

(First held by MARK XXII. Bermondsey, now transferred to Denmark Hill.)

The BEN LAMP: In memory of BEN ADSHEAD, Secretary, Bournemouth Branch. 28.10.1928.

(Given for Harlesden by his Grandmother.)

The VALENTINE LAMP: In memory of GUY VALENTINE, Capt., 6th City of London Rifles. Missing, Flers, 15.9.1926, aged 25; And of B. CLERY, 2nd Lt., King's Liverpool Regt. Richebergh St. Vaaste. 1915. Aged 19; And of SYDNEY VALENTINE, Actor. 14.2.1864—23.12.1919.

(Given by Mrs. Valentine.)

The LORD HORNE LAMP: In memory of HENRY SINCLAIR, BARON HORNE OF STIRKOK, General, G.C.B., K.C.M.G. 14.8.1929.

(Given by Lady Horne of Stirroke.)



School Lamps.

Toc H, through its Schools Service Bureau, is in active co-operation with over 150 schools. When these school connections first grew up, Lamps of Maintenance were granted to such schools as desired to have them. Since the Lamp became recognised, however, as the particular symbol of a full-grown Branch of Toc H, it has not been possible to grant further Lamps to schools. The Lamps held by HARROW, MILL HILL, ST. PAUL'S and WESTMINSTER SCHOOLS, and by fourteen others, are now representative of a wider fellowship between Toc H and all the schools with which it is linked by the S.S.B. These Lamps are usually kept in the School Chapel and lit on special occasions, e.g., Armistice Day. Most of them are dedicated to old boys of the school who fell in the Great War.

THE GIVING OF THANKS AND THE REDEDICATION

BEING THE ORDER OF SERVICE USED
IN SAINT PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AT THE
LONDON TOC H BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL
ON FRIDAY DECEMBER FIFTH MCMXXX

*"GREAT LONDON,
PRAISE THE LORD."*



During the Assembly of the Congregation, the Organ will play, and, before the Service begins, Processions of the Padres of Toc H in London and of the Banners of London Branches and Groups will enter and take their places.

Under the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral where the London family of Toc H must needs be widely spread, it will be found that the responses are best made slowly and in a clear voice, pausing a little at each comma and stop.

THE FESTIVAL HYMN

*This will be sung during the Procession of the Choir
and Clergy, after which all will remain standing.*

OUT of Many into One
Are we fashioned this night.
God, to us no winter sun,
Bids the lame lead on to light.
Father, who art Fount and Thirst !
Christ, men's Hunger and their Meat !
Spirit-knit, though world dispersed,
Stand we, fearing, round Thy feet.

Out of violence, virtue shone.
This one thing defied the stream,
Where the spate of death swept on,
Stood God's Torture-Tree supreme.
Rising from a Flanders tomb,
While the world yet deem'd Him dead,
His the lamp that lights our room,
His the Hand that breaks our Bread.

Out of heart-break, hope is born.
Rough the road to Promised Lands.
Bruising flint and piercing thorn ?
Fire and tinder 'neath your hands !
Thus, though sword and sea divide,
God's love knows no East and West.
Where's the man would stand aside
From the tide of being blest ?

Choir only

Blest is he who lives in thrall
To the empery of good.
Blest the Master of us all.
Reigning richly from his Rood.
God, who makest glad our youth,
Keep us from presumptuous pride.
So may we live out Thy truth,
And constrain Thee to abide.

Grey-flecked head, and eager boy,
Gownsmen, townsman, pastor, priest,
Troubadours of toil and joy,
Gather to this Household feast.
In the tuneful hearts of friends
Better music ne'er was blown :
From the land where hatred ends
Comes 'Amen' in antiphon. Amen.

A BIDDING PRAYER.

PADRE
GARAWAY

IN the Name of God. Amen.

Kindred in Toc H, we are gathered thus within the unseen glory of the living God, mindful of the Great Sacrifice out of which we were born, to render what thanks we may to the Giver of all good, and to dedicate our lives afresh to the service of our Risen Master.

*It is
good
to be
here*

Let us then praise His holy name for all the way whereby we have been led from the first day even until now.

ALL REPLY

Hallowed be Thy Name.

PADRE
WATKINS

Let us pray, with thankful hearts indeed, for the whole Household of Toc H, both for those now trusted with its guidance, and for all who shall be raised up to lead it soon or in the far hereafter ; that Christ may reign in them by faith, they being rooted in the clear compulsion of His love. Into whose hearts—

*True
leaders
led by
Thee*

ALL REPLY

Thy Kingdom come.

PADRE
BIRKMIRE

For all, not hearers only, but doers of His word, let us now tarry the leisure of the Lord : that with courageous patience our teachers may confirm His fashioning of the men that shall succeed us ; and that they who stand for Love, where life is at its hardest, may bathe bruised feet and set them on the King's highway again. By these, and more than these,

*Teachers
and
Social
Workers*

ALL REPLY

Thy will be done on earth.

PADRE
APPLETON

No less must we have in mind before the Father, from whom all families are named, the ever-growing circle of our Marks and humbler Houses, and all the teams of men that serve them well ; that those, who call them everything but home, may there be knit in freedom from all care save care for others ; since so it was with those whose names they cherish, whose guests they are in cheerful courtesy. So to each room its host, to each whole House its all-inspiring Master ; that none within may lack a brother, and few without go friendless.

*Houses
upheld*

ALL REPLY

Give us our daily bread.

PADRE
GARAWAY

I bid you bear in mind the Branches standing to their Lamps in places scarce awakened, lest with them, or indeed with us, the faith or fellowship should falter. My task it is to make you heed the dangers of an easy road, untrod by feet worth following, towards some lesser goal than first was shown and seen. Lest we leave the poor unaided, the darkness unsubdued, or dare to lean too lightly on the Lord Christ.

*Against
by-paths*

ALL REPLY

Forgive us our trespasses.

PADRE
MONEY

Lest we be conformed and not transforming ; content with trivial tasks ; fanning our fires for our own warmth and not for the sheer light that shines afar, in winning contrast to the world, I call on you to pray that we be not led into temptation.

*Hold
out,
Faith
and
Patience*

ALL REPLY

Deliver us from evil.

PADRE
WALLACE

Let us then with joy remember the Groups that gain hard ground by inches, that plan and pray and barely hold their course among the shallows of the shore, and, as yet, take no token from their toil. For these, too, let us pray that they may find the deep ; and, with the overwhelming day, not hold as rivals their partners in the other ships, but turn together to the Risen Lord of all.

*Out of
Weakness,
Strength*

PADRE
GARAWAY

As one, we bid your praises and your prayers for all Toc H dispersed throughout the world, on guard for duty and the things of God.

Pray then the Prayer that makes all the roads lead Home and all the world One Family :

ALL

OUR FATHER, who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil : For Thine is the Kingdom, The Power and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

MINOR
CANON

✠ O God, make speed to save us ;

Rz O Lord, make haste to help us.

✠ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

Rz As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

✠ Praise ye the Lord ;

Rz The Lord's Name be praised.

A SONG OF PRAISE FOR LONDON

PRAISE God for all that moves and yearns
To all things just and free ;
For many a soul that inly burns
More righteous days to see ;
For peace, for law, for gold, for wheat,
And for his printed word,
Praise Him, ye throngs in every street ;
Great London, praise the Lord.
Ye that her bridges cross by night,
Where on the river play
A thousand stars from lamps alight,
That mete out narrower day,
Praise Him, and say this river bears
Great fleets that ceaseless go ;
And yet, for these eight hundred years
Hath not borne in a foe.
Praise Him, great city fair and free,
And helpless, but for God ;
Nor siege, nor sack have frightened thee
Of alien hosts untrod.
Praise Him, and pray while yet 'tis well,
Nor danger nigh thee waits ;
Pray thy Celestial Sentinel
To guard thy silver gates.
Praise Him, when clash thy weighty hours
By measure night and day ;
Praise Him, while yet a hundred towers
Ring out thy times to pray.
Praise Him, where murmurs fall and swell,
As of some wind-borne chord,
The majesty of millions tell ;
Great London, praise the Lord !

Choir only

*All will kneel to
offer Praise and
Thanksgiving*

PADRE
LEONARD

A CANTICLE OF PRAISE.

Let us now offer Praise and Thanksgiving.

BUILDERS OF TOC H, our Master bids us offer thanksgiving
with those of every age and clime who have endeavoured to
build for Him, and have accomplished more than they have
known. Let us, then, thank God our Father whose joy is always
joy in work well done, each for our tiny share in this brave building.

We thank Thee, O Father.

We thank Thee for the men and women, who, having seen the
vision, have sought and continue to seek courage and grace to make
the dream come true.

We thank Thee, O Father.

We thank Thee for the guidance that has never failed to lead us on through failure to a fresh attempt, and for the patience, and impatience too, wherewith Thou hast inspired us.

We thank Thee, O Father.

For the dangers so wonderfully averted, for the mistakes so wonderfully made good ; for the disappointments out of which has sprung a deeper seeking and a truer learning.

We thank Thee, O Father.

We thank Thee for the leaders, our fellow-servants for Christ's sake, for Padres and Pilots, Jobmasters, Secretaries and Wardens ; for those serving on Councils and Committees ; for all, who by their steadfastness and good example, have won men's wills towards Thee.

We thank Thee, O Father.

For all the humblest, humdrum duties performed as in Thy sight ; for house and office staffs, both young and old ; for paid and unpaid helpers ; for all by whom this service is performed as one of willing freedom.

We thank Thee, O Father.

We thank Thee for all men and women in the Family of Toc H, who, bearing no special office, and having no special skill, have yet been called to be His fellow-workers.

We thank Thee, O Father.

O GOD, who hast filled the earth with the glory of Thy presence, and hast led Thy servants of old to build up Talbot House to be Thy dwelling-place, grant that Thy sons and daughters who come within its influence may ever find Thee here ; and going to and fro may truly take Thee with them. May we so build our lives that they may also be Houses wherein Thy Spirit dwells, filled with that strength and beauty which only comes from Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Congregation will now seat themselves, whilst the Choir are singing and the Lesson is read.

LET all the world in every corner sing, My God and King !

The Heav'ns are not too high,	The Church with psalms must shout,
His praise may thither fly ;	No door can keep them out ;
The earth is not too low,	But above all the heart
His praises there may grow.	Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and King !

THE LESSON.

HARRY
WILLINK

Hear the words of our Lord Jesus Christ — written in St. Luke's Gospel, the twelfth chapter and the thirty-fifth verse :

LET your loins be girded about, and your lights burning ; And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately.

Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching : verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them. And if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants.

The Collection★ will be taken, during the singing of this hymn, which will be repeated, if necessary.

THE HYMN OF LIGHT.

JOYFUL Light, O Glory of the Father,
Holy, beloved Jesu Christ, our Lord !
Now without fear we see the darkness gather,
For that on us Thy evening light is poured.

All through the night, whatever storm assail us—
Passion or pain, despair and shame and loss—
Thou, till the day, wilt hold and never fail us
Victor before us of the bitter Cross.

Choir only

Never the path so lost, but in Thee only
Trusting, we see, and, seeking, find a way :
Strength of the tempted, Brother of the lonely,
Out of our darkness bringest Thou the day.

Lo, having Thee, we lose not one another,
Sundered—united, dying but to birth ;
All worlds are one in Thee, O more than Brother,
And one our family in Heaven and Earth.

O Light of Light, who givest also laughter,
Master of men, who settest servants free,
We build Thy House for them that follow after,
Serving the brethren in service unto Thee.

Choir only

So shine in us, our little love reproving,
That souls of men may kindle at the flame ;
All the world's hatred, broken by our loving,
Shall bow to Love, Thine everlasting Name.

Therefore to Thee be praises and thanksgiving,
Father and Son and Comforter Divine ;
We lift our voice and sing, with all things living,
Giver of Life, the Glory that is Thine.

★ After expenses are met, a Birthday Offering will be sent to the Ex-Service Friends' Association.

THE PROCESSION

A BIRTHDAY HYMN FOR TOC H

COME, Kindred, upstand in the valour of Jesus,
And praise Him and plight Him the troth of true men.
His yoke we are breasting together will ease us
When back at the pick and the lathe and the pen.

How honest His harness ! O be ye then humble
To know that He gives us a thing to be done !
Let us laugh at each set-back, and learn from each stumble,
With His hand to help us, His light leading on.

Choir only

The mists that lay round us are thinning and breaking,
The road it runs up to the dawn on the hills.
Trudge on with your tools to your great undertaking—
To lighten the load of young Everyman's ills.

Trudge on, singing praise for a spirit twice gifted
Through lads in the line from their Lord on His tree.
As strong stars at midnight, His Lamp they up-lifted,
And strode to their task like tall ships running free.

We are debtors to them, who with Lamps ever burning
Foregather this instant in heed to His call.
Re-union they bought us by never returning,
And homeless, they builded a House for us all.

"THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT."

The Procession will pause, while the following is said :

PADRE
ELLISON
(Overseas
Commissioner
of Toc H)

THIS night in the Upper Room of Talbot House, Poperinghe,
there is lighted a Lamp. Thus begins the World Chain of
Light, which will by tomorrow night have encircled the globe.
To far friends and near this Flanders household flame shall shine,
recalling Christ and true men of his name.

The Sacrifice of the Elder Brethren will be remembered with proud
thanksgiving, as the Light is passed on, winged and unwearied, an
incentive to the world-wide family of Toc H to follow them in the
path of Service and Brotherly Love.

The Members will unite in saying

ALL

BY the spirits of just men, made perfect in their suffering :
Teach us, in our turn, O Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest ;
To give, and not to count the cost ; To fight, and not to heed
the wounds ; To toil, and not to seek for rest ; To labour, and not
to ask for any reward, save that of knowing that we do Thy will :
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Then will the Bishop bid a Blessing on the Birthday Festival :

THE BISHOP OF
WILLESDEN

MAY God the Holy Spirit, who with the Father and the Son is worshipped and glorified, make plain your way before your face. Let not ignorance mislead you, nor favour unnerve you, nor growth corrupt or shallow you. But by the gift of His Grace, may the Spirit so unite you to Himself and to each other, that ye may achieve true religion. May ye so observe the law of well-doing, that your work may in no wise decline from His Will, nor your steps from His Service. Amen.

THE WORKING MEMBERS' HYMN

BLESS'D be the day when moved I was
A pilgrim for to be,
And blessed also be the Cause
That thereto moved me.

Bless'd work, that drove me back to pray
To strive to be sincere ;
To take my Cross up day by day,
And serve the Lord with fear.

Yet long it is since I began
And little have I done,
God give me grace to play the man,
And heed my heart and tongue.

To seize the road from doubt to faith
For feet beside mine own,
To climb from self to purer breath,
Unknown and yet well-known.

With Master Fearing may I fear
My God and be afraid
Of doing anything while here
That may have Him betrayed.

With servant Great-heart, who arose
The children's Guide to be,
For those who trust me, I'd oppose
Each Giant enemy.

He that me seeks shall now be sought.
Surrendered here I stand,
A truant eager to be taught
His purpose for my hand.

Life, like an unencumbered flood,
Leaps to the sea and sky.
At last, beyond the mire of mood,
Master, thy man am I.

THE PRAYER OF TOC H.

*To be said,
kneeling,
by all*

O GOD, who hast so wonderfully made Toc H, and set men in it to see their duty as Thy will, teach us to live together in love and joy and peace; to check all bitterness; to disown discouragement; to practise thanksgiving, and to leap with joy to any task for others.

Strengthen the good thing thus begun; that, with gallant and high-hearted happiness, we may work for Thy Kingdom in the wills of men. Through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

THE PRAYER FOR TOC H IN LONDON.

*Minor
Canon*

O KING ETERNAL, who across the ages hast inspired men to raise in ever-increasing splendour this fair and noble City to Thy glory, shed the Light of Thy Loving Wisdom upon Thy family of Toc H in London, that it may deepen in unity of purpose and the bond of fellowship, as it glimpses Thy vision of all that here may be and leaps forward to share in this Divine upraising.

Strengthen our hands to minister in friendship and service to the life of this City. May they ever be swift in hospitality towards our brethren, coming from afar, halting here awhile and passing on their way.

And in Thy goodness use us to carry laughter and courage into the teeming hurry of the crowded streets, charity and peace into the restless, anxious lives of its sons and daughters, that both they and we may capture the radiance of Thy beauty and the majesty of Thy holiness, as we bring our gifts to the nobler building of that Eternal City which hath foundations and whose name is Joy, after the example and through the love of Jesus Christ, Thy Son Our Lord. Amen.

THE PRAYER OF REDEDICATION.

*To be said
by all*

O BLESSED Lord Jesus Christ, who didst bid Thy disciples stand, with their loins girt and their lamps burning, be with us at this hour. Here we dedicate ourselves to Thee anew. Help us to gird up our loins, to run the race that is set before us, with redoubled vigour and fresh vision. Teach us how to trim our lamps that they may not burn dim. Guide us to the constant recollection that the candle of the Lord is the spirit of man. And by Thy risen power, make us a power in this great city, for Thine own merit's sake. Amen.

Silence will be kept for a space.

LET US REMEMBER OUR ELDER BRETHREN.

*Minor
Canon*

O THOU, who art Heroic Love, keep alive in our hearts that adventurous spirit which makes men scorn the way of safety, so that Thy will be done. For so only, O Lord, shall we be worthy of those courageous souls who in every age have ventured all in obedience to Thy call, and for whom the trumpets sounded on the other side; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE BLESSING

From the Fourth Chapter of the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Philippians :

Finally, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord alway ; and again I say, rejoice.

Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

Be careful for nothing ; but in everything by prayer and

supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be

made known unto God. And the peace of

God, which passeth all understanding,

shall keep your hearts and

minds in the knowledge of

Christ Jesus our Lord.

Amen.



THY Hand, O God, has guided
Thy flock, from age to age ;
Thy wondrous tale is written,
Full clear, on every page ;
Our fathers own'd Thy goodness
And we their deeds record ;
And both of this bear witness,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

Thy heralds brought glad tidings,
To greatest, as to least ;
They bade men rise and hasten
To share the great King's feast ;
And this was all their teaching
In every deed and word,
To all alike proclaiming
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

When shadows thick were falling,
And all seem'd sunk in night,
Thou, Lord, didst send Thy servants,
Thy chosen sons of light.
On them and on Thy people
Thy plenteous Grace was pour'd,
And this was still their message,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

And we, shall we be faithless ?
Shall hearts fail, hands hang down ?
Shall we evade the conflict

And cast away our crown ?
Not so : in God's deep counsels

Some better thing is stored ;
We will maintain, unflinching,

"One Church, One Faith, One Lord." Amen.

THE HYMNS

"*A Song of Praise for London*" was written by Miss Jean Ingelow, and is printed by the courtesy of her Executors and of Messrs. Longmans.

"*The Festival Hymn*" and "*A Birthday Hymn for Toc H*" were written by the Rev. P. B. Clayton, Founder Padre, by whom also was written "*The Working Members' Hymn*," "after John Bunyan."

"*The Hymn of Light*" was written by Barclay Baron, Editorial Secretary of Toc H.

"*Thy Hand, O God, has guided*" is included in "*Hymns Ancient and Modern*," No. 604 (E. H. Plumptre); also the words of "*Let all the world in every corner sing*," No. 548 (George Herbert), the music of the anthem being by Dr. Henry G. Ley.



THE "MAIN RESOLUTION" OF TOC H.

Remembering with gratitude how God used Talbot House to bring home to multitudes of men that, behind the ebb and flow of things temporal, stand the eternal realities, and to send them forth strengthened to fight at all costs for the setting up of His Kingdom upon Earth,

We pledge ourselves to strive :

To listen now and always for the voice of God :

To know His Will revealed in Christ and to do it fearlessly,
reckoning nothing of the world's opinion or its successes for
ourselves or this our family ; And towards this end :

To think fairly,
To love widely,
To witness humbly,
To build bravely.



THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

*When I have learnt to think Thy radiant thoughts,
To live the truth beyond the power to know it,
To bear my light as Thou Thy heavy Cross,
Nor ever feel a martyr for Thy sake,
But an unprofitable servant still. . . .
When I have lost myself in other men,
And found myself in Thee—the Father then
Will come with Thee and will abide with me.*

George Macdonald.

J. W. 114432

